

# If You Want The Best.

ALTHOUGH you may have had good luck with a but few failures in making cake and biscuit in the old-fashioned way with soda and sour milk, or soda and cream of tartar, you will have better luck and (following directions) no failures with the Royal Baking Powder.

The truth of this must be evident when you remember that in the leading hotels and restaurants, and in the homes of our city cousins, where the latest and best methods are invariably employed, and where the most beautiful and dainty food is always set out for the guests, the Royal Baking Powder is exclusively used for all quickly risen food.

Royal Baking Powder never disappoints; never makes sour, soggy or husky food; never spoils good materials; never leaves lumps of alkali in the biscuit or cake; while all these things do happen with the best of cooks who cling to the old-fashioned methods, or who use other baking powders.

If you want the best food, Royal Baking Powder is indispensable.

## The God of the Gypsies.

The gypsies know nothing whatever of heaven or a future state of rest for the righteous dead, their vocabulary having no word that conforms with our words "paradise," "heaven," "beautiful city," etc. They know of a god which they call "devel" and of a devil called "beng." "Beng" has a home, or an abiding place, called "bengipe," but their "devel," or god, "hath not where to lay his head," and is only recognized as a wandering spirit floating about in the upper regions of the air. They have a mortal terror of both "beng" and "devel," but this does not prevent them from cursing both god and devil whenever anything goes wrong.

They believe "beng" to be much superior to the "devel," not only in point of physical proportions, but in his powers over the world and the human race, as well as in his greater intellectuality. "Devel" can be exercised with pure cold water, but "beng" will take nothing short of brandy or wine. Edgar Wake-man and other experts in gypsy lore believe that they were the original fire worshippers, and cite many facts to prove the correctness of their conclusions.—St. Louis Republic.

## A Miser's Last Wish.

A Greek died in the small town of Caracal, having always lived on the aims of his compatriots. Before dying he made his wife swear that she would bury him in the dirty old overcoat which he wore every day. The poor woman had to ask the Greeks of Caracal to help her to provide the costs of the funeral. A good hearted Greek went to see her in her affliction, and pointing to the body said he would give her a better coat to bury the man in. Then she told him of the dead man's last wish. The Greek, whose suspicions were awakened, told her that she should certainly not part with the body before she had well examined the coat, for there must be some particular reason for the request. The widow unpeeled the lining of the overcoat and found 35,000 francs in bank notes which the miser wished to take into the grave with him.—Vienna Cor. London News.

## The Danger of Officeholding.

Many a poor young man seeks a government clerkship in order that he may earn his support while he is studying his profession. He is playing with fire. He is taking up as a staff that which is likely to become necessary to drop his government stipend. It would have been infinitely better—it might have been his making—if he had toiled for scantier dollars in a manly way.—Harper's Weekly.

## The Shape of Sea Fowl's Eggs.

Sea fowl's eggs have one remarkable peculiarity. They are nearly conical in form, broad at the base and sharp at the point, so that they will only roll in a circle. They are laid on the bare ledges of high rocks, from which they would almost surely roll off save for this happy provision of nature.—Boston Transcript.

## A Sharp Bargain.

A valuable diamond, which Hul Carpenter, of Columbia county, N. Y., wears in his shirt bosom, was purchased by him years ago in the Orinoco river region in South America for two boot legs of plug tobacco, which the natives valued more highly than gems.—Chicago Herald.

## The Prickly Pear.

The prickly pear of Africa is so tenacious of life that a leaf, or even a small portion of a leaf, if thrown on the ground, strikes out roots almost immediately and becomes the parent of a fast growing plant.

## Puzzled Englishmen.

"At a private dinner in England I told the very best story I could think of," says Chauncey M. Depew. "It was greeted with a little laughter. Next day I met my host on the Strand. He advanced to me smiling, began to laugh as he grasped my hand and said: 'Do you know, Depew, that was a capital thing you got off last night—capital! And do you know I have just this minute been thinking what a capital thing it was?' The point of the joke has just come to me."

"I said, 'Why, it must have traveled to you on a freight train.'"

"My dear Mr. Depew," said the Englishman, "I assure you I have not seen any freight train. I assure you I haven't 'pon honor.'"

## Caught by a Singular Error.

"Some queer accidents happen in this world," said A. G. Snoto, a noted thief taker, who was talking shop in the La-celle corridors. "In 1876 a particularly atrocious crime was committed in Cleveland. An old lady was robbed and murdered. The perpetrator was arrested and jailed, but succeeded in effecting his escape. Nothing was heard from him for fifteen years, though the world was scoured for him time and again. About a year ago I concluded to change my residence and put an advertisement in a morning paper of Cleveland for a furnished room. Among the replies was a letter from the missing murderer, written to an old friend in Cleveland. The Cleveland man had a room he desired to rent and answered my advertisement, but by mistake inclosed the letter he had received from the fugitive instead of the one intended for me. I learned from the letter that the man I wanted was night watchman in a railway roundhouse in New Mexico, and a week later I had him in irons en route to Cleveland, where he was tried and sent up for life."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## A Strange Superstition.

In regard to the habit of partridges flying into civilization and a popular superstition regarding them an Augusta man says: "One flew on our premises and was captured. Then came up the question whether we should kill the bird or allow it to live. At that time there was a general superstition that if a partridge came to a house where a sick person lay and the bird was killed and the sick person ate the broth, it would effect a cure. There was a sick girl at our house, and the doctor had given up her case as hopeless."

"Some of the family said kill the partridge and give the sick girl the broth. But the sick girl and others were for permitting the partridge to live. We were equally divided and agreed to let one of the neighbors whom we saw coming to the house decide whether the partridge should be killed or not. He said kill it, and we did, and the sick girl ate the broth and got well."—Philadelphia Times.

A gentleman performed the clever feat at a Birmingham Shakespeare club of proposing the toast of the poet's memory for nineteen years without repeating himself—a feat which most of us will envy.

A Kansas City man swallowed a door key early one morning. The Trenton (Mo.) Tribune says any one who mistakes his mouth for a keyhole should reform at once.

## Destroying Species.

When people set about getting rid of entire species of animals by a systematic persecution they usually find it a difficult job. Set a price on the head of the wolf or the woodchuck and the creature seems to realize the importance of its life. A bounty on crows must be viewed as a pleasant joke by those shrewd observers of men and things. The case of the wolf in Europe is a historical one. A price has been set on the creature's head for centuries, and yet there is but a small portion of the continent from which the animal has been exterminated. The Netherlands is free of wolves from the character of the country. The whole land furnishes not a single rocky den suitable for a wolf's lair; neither is there a forest for the creature's shelter.

It is true that the wolf has been exterminated from Great Britain and Ireland. This result has been reached, however, by indirect means rather than by a direct attack. The clearing off of the forest left the wolf no place in which to hide from pursuit. The islands were too far from the continent for their thinned ranks to be recruited from the main land.

In Spain and France the wolf has at no time been unknown, although a price has been set on its head for hundreds of years. The animal has developed cunning in proportion as the pursuit has become closer. Like the crow, it has learned to take care of itself.

On the other hand, species receive very little help toward their continuance from the well meant efforts of man to that end. In proof of this we are told that there is an ancient act of parliament still in force in England and Wales prohibiting the taking of the eggs of certain birds, of which six kinds are expressly named. In spite of this protecting law, four of the six species have ceased to breed in those countries.

The indirect ways in which such results are brought about are shown in the destruction of the quail of New Zealand. The birds were once numerous; no one wished to destroy them. But the land was burned over for other purposes at seasons when the eggs and young of the quail were exposed to destruction, and a few years brought the species to an end.—Youth's Companion.

## Dandy Darkies.

The colored gaudy of Sixth avenue form a curious and interesting feature of the cosmopolitan crowd that makes up the sun total of New York's population. The dark tide flows into Broadway at Twenty-third street at certain hours of the day, as the turbid waters of the Missouri flow into the broader and grander Mississippi, and going with it but not of it. This tide is distinctly colored, but is not wholly of the negro race.

In no other city of the United States can be seen the real colored gentleman in all his glory as he can be seen in this section of the tenderloin precinct. The dandy negro cannot be found in the south. On Sixth avenue he outwells the swells of swindlers. For the most part the negro dandy is "loud" in his attire, and if that style of dress can be said to become anybody it is most becoming to the colored dude. But the Sixth avenue dandies are not necessarily of that stamp. You can see many of them dressed in good taste and in a style creditable to any white exquisite.

The distingue air with which they carry this personal magnificence is that of the born and bred aristocrat. No amount of "guying" disturbs their outward calm. And they stand enough open comment and running satire to kill a white dude with mortification. While the colored dandy is a good dresser his opposite sex are, as a rule, absolutely chaotic in taste. The latter spend a good deal of money on their personal adornment, but usually with result akin to the horrible—purples, heliotropes, lilacs, blues, greens and almost anything made up almost any way except the most becoming. A dressmaker says that the colored ladies are obstinate with their own ideas but liberal with their money. If you want to see them in all their gorgeousness try Sixth avenue some Sunday evening.—New York Herald.

## Advantages of a Cross Eyed Clerk.

During a rush in trade a large firm in Boston employed as an assistant clerk a young man who was exceedingly cross eyed.

The special duty assigned to him was to act as watchman and prevent the penetration of all sorts of small fancy articles that were lying about the counters for exhibition at that time.

One day a half grown boy came into the store, and after looking around, pricing first one thing and then another, among which were some very nice socks, he finally started to go out of the door.

At this moment the new clerk touched him lightly on the shoulder, and inviting him to come to the back part of the store said to him politely, "Oblige me by giving me at once the socks that you have in your back pocket."

"How do you know I have any socks in my back pocket?" demanded the boy in a bold tone.

"I saw you put them there," said the clerk, very gently.

The boy looked up in the young man's face in utter amazement. "Are you looking at me now?" he asked earnestly. "Do you see me this very minute?" he asked, still more earnestly.

"Of course I do," replied the clerk.

"Good Lord, mister!" cried the boy, with a blanching face, "here's your socks." And with a bound he was out of the back door, over the fence and away, having learned a lesson concerning all seeing eyes which is to be hoped he may never forget.—Dry Goods Retailer.

## Accouted For.

Mrs. Gazzam—There's always a kind of sheepish look about Mr. Jaysmith that I can't explain.

Gazzam—It comes from his nutton chop whiskers, I suppose.—Epoch.

## Like Grandfather's Clock.

Bessie—Why do you persist in referring to George as "Grandfather's Clock?"

Jessie—Because he has had so little "go" in him since the old man died.—New York Herald.

## Who Enjoyed It.

Algy (to hunters)—Which one of you had the most fun while out hunting?

Hunter—The rabbit.—Texas Siftings.

## One Chance Left.

A decade had elapsed. In that period vast changes had been wrought, women were admitted to all fields of human endeavor and the vocations formerly considered to belong to the sterner sex exclusively were open to all.

In a quiet resort, somewhat removed from the busiest thoroughfare, one man chanced to ask another for a chew of tobacco. Thence the conversation turned by easy stages upon the evils of the day.

"Bill!"

The man with a look of settled despair in his dark brown eyes was subdued in his address.

"It's getting so a fellow without a wife has just about got to starve."

"Yes."

"It's a shame the way the women have crowded us out of business."

"True."

Both remained in silent meditation for a moment.

"But then—"

The look of settled despair was somewhat less pronounced for a moment.

"We should be grateful that Providence has left us pre-eminence in one calling. Thank heaven, they can't compete with us in dressmaking."

It was a comforting thought, to be sure.—Detroit Tribune.

## Among the Roses.

Bags full of roses, baskets heavy with roses, cars laden with roses, roses, a feast of roses, a surfeit of roses, if that is possible. The women stick roses in their long, braided hair, the men in their belts, the children pull them and play with them and leave them on the road to die.

There is roseleaf jam to eat—very fresh and sweet it is—and there is rose-leaf sirup to drink. Every vase and vessel is full of roses; they drop on you from unexpected places; great bunches of bright pink heads lying on the ground admonish you as you walk; you can make a bed of them if you will; go to the granary—rosary, I suppose it should be called—and there you will find as soft and sweet a couch as was ever laid in the "Arabian Nights" for eastern princes to dream upon.

This is how it came about that I saw such a multiplicity of roses. We fulfilled a long cherished scheme and went to Kezanlik, the Valley of Roses, in the Balkans, once the famous rose garden of Turkey.—Blackwood's Magazine.

## The Huts on the Niger.

Ivory anklets, often very heavy, are only worn by the few women of wealth and importance, but the metal anklets worn by others may be many pounds in weight, and some of them wear huge brass plates, perhaps a foot in diameter, which, once fixed to the ankles, are never removed. The men wear a single strip of cotton cloth, but those who come much in contact with the Europeans are now learning to wear trousers. Their weapons are flintlocks, bows and spears—the latter both for hurling and thrusting.

The huts are built of mud and matting and are quadrangular in shape. The center is an open courtyard, at one end of which is the apartment of the head of the house, while the wives and family are accommodated in other rooms on the right and left of the courtyard. There is no furniture or ornament, and but a few household utensils and weapons.—All the Year Round.

## More Than He Bargained For.

"When I used to travel about the country lecturing," said a retired temperance talker, "I carried with me as a frightful example a man with a brilliant red nose, and during my remarks I would call upon him for testimony. On one occasion we struck a small town where we had an audience of about a hundred people. I was making fine headway with my lecture, and at the proper time I glanced over the crowd and said, 'Will the gentleman with the red nose please rise to his feet?' Of course my man got up, but before he could do so thirty-seven men had risen slowly to their feet, and I don't think I was ever more embarrassed in my life."—Toledo Blade.

## Man versus Flea.

A flea can jump straight upward and vault over a barrier 300 times its own height. If a man could display as much agility he could clear a wall a mile high at a single bound. If he could jump as far forward according to his weight as a flea can he could make 24 trips around the world at one leap.—St. Louis Republic.

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